**Kannazuki 神無月—The Month the Gods Go Away**

Because all the minor gods

 and the ones with their slipping wigs

their clacking teeth and the many armed

cloven-hooved false-headed and false-tailed

have given up their shapes climbed down from their offices

and built wings to carry them off to damp caves and sea stacks

we’ve uncoupled from their shines and fiery dusts

for a little while though their clockwork still clitters through us

still managing our small bad thoughts

the dark unentered spaces we each contain undone at the springs.

But even without their flimsy attentions

 their whatever-it-is that skies and drops shadow

we can still feel into the shapes of others

wading across rivers

or stand at the ledge of over-night sinkholes

wondering at the mouth of them

or guess which fields might burn off their blight

and which might keep star-shaped curlicued creatures

blind within their soily sockets of dark.

Really, we are more like that friend of yours than we think

the one you saw that final time decades ago

leaving for elsewhere

shoeless temporarily godless

but pausing for a moment at the library’s threshold

inviting you to follow

him stepping out into the day’s glare-whiteness

and you still in your chair

watching his darkened soles turn into sunlight.